THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1324.

Original Poetry.

I GIVE THEE UP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY.

I give thee up, and from my heart,
Where long it has been deep enshrined,
Thy image shall be rudely torn,
And leave no trace behind.
Thou hast in other years, to me,
Been all but life and paradise dear;
A more than mortal, strangely bright,
The being of mortal colors.

I give thee up; not that I deem
My love was rashly fixed on thee;
But oh! the chain that bound us once,
Is swept by some strange destiny
The more sang that lured me then,
Has lost its power to charm me now;
Nor comes with magic cadence, as
Of old, to rouse the darkling fever.

I give thee up! I give thee up!
I change thee with no pevered faith.
No burden rests on me of slight word,
Uttered with false, perfidious breath.
No pledged or plighted vow.
Are unredeemed for thee to take—
Save one solemn one, at my ordination.
Her husband
went to market, the waiter brought home what he purchased, and the cook prepared it for the table. She rarely knew what food was provided for her, not down to eat it. The children were washed and dressed in the morning by a nurse, who took the entire care of them; every thing was done for them to the interest beyond a natural affection. If they were sick all her anxieties were aroused, and she scarcely eat or slept while the illness lasted. A danger was her mind—but the moment they were well again, all subsided for them appeared to subside entirely.

Mrs Malcome was the first lady in the village, not far from being as happy even as the poor mechanic's wife, opposite, who often envied her the ease and freedom from care and toil which she enjoyed. As they passed on, the restlessness, or apathy, as it might be, of his wife, began to awaken the concern of Mr Malcome. He saw where the evil lay, but had not the courage to speak strongly and freely on the subject. "She must feel the cause in a neglect of domestic duties, and the transfer to others of offices which she should have taken delight in filling herself. He had prided in her dress for her beauty, but every fashionable in some kind of excitement or other, even while he studied with concern the effect that was produced in a deeper development of mind and a more perfect indifference to all the attractions of home, when the cause of excitement was removed.

A few years more of such a life, made Mrs. Malcome a wretched woman. She had become nervous, and was subject to fainting fits. Her husband's love was among the gayest of the gay, but at home her spirits were down to zero.

This state of things was when, like a crash of thunder from a clear sky, fell upon her, without a moment of warning, the distressing intelligence that her husband had failed in business. Mr Malcome had been dishonored for a large amount, and all his effects placed immediately in the hands of an assignee for the benefit of his creditors. For only a month previous to this event, Mr Malcome had been constantly silent at home, and had appeared thoughtful and depressed. But, although his wife had been led to notice this change, she was suffering too much from her own mental disquietude to think of enquiring into it, or to consider it of much account. When he announced, with a pale face and a trembling voice, the fearful blow that had fallen on him, she was stunned as from a blow. This was followed by the most distressing trouble the mind and body can become palsied. Such mental trouble it meets with a healthy energy. Such was the case now. But a short time elapsed before Mrs. Malcome began to think out of herself, began to feel for her husband in this great disaster that had befallen him. She saw that he was suffering intensely, and the desire to relieve this intensity of suffering took possession of her mind. Not an hour had elapsed from the time she received the startling announcement, before her tears were dried up, and she was by her husband's side, making of him many sweet enquiries.

"What troubles me most," he said, in answer to some of her questions, "is the effect of all this upon you."

"Why that is its effect!" calmly asked Mrs. Malcome, as she looked earnestly into her husband's face. "Do not fear to tell me."

"This beautiful house will have to be sold."

"And not only the house, Emily," resumed the husband, "all of our rich furniture and costly plate will have to go with it. We will not be permitted to retain them."

"Must that really be?" As the wife asked this question in a tone that trembled slightly, she fixed her eyes again to her husband's face, and with a look that troubled his spirit deeply.

"I am afraid it must, Emily dear." "It will take all the goods in my store, all the debts due me, and all my real and personal property in the city to pay off my creditors dollar for dollar. Even after this we are not to be justly indebted."

"Then, my husband, we will have to walk in any path that you may be called upon to walk in," said Mrs. Malcome, with enthusiasm. "Were that not so, I should be unworthy the name of wife and a bad lot."

"I am not so sure of that," said her husband, smiling. "Ladies and gents do not always make good exchange. Many a husband would have cause to repent him the want of those employments to which both love and taste are adapted."

I don't know how that can be. But one thing I do know, which is, that care, such as some people have, would kill me."

Perhaps not, Emily. But, of course, I belayed there is no prospect of your being able to make the experiment."

I hope not, for I am by no means anxious to prove the truth or falsity of what you say. But, to drop the subject, I am glad to see that we have the opera here again. The Chesnut Street has come with a new troupe and a new opera next week."

So I see by the newspapers. We are to have La Sonnambula, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and Brough."

"I am dying to hear La Sonnambula. The music I used to be exquisite and the singing of Mrs. Wood divine."

Both are praised enthusiastically. I have no doubt but we shall be highly gratified.

Rather my delighted husband manner. Anything would have been acceptable after the long dull one, now we have had, during which I have been almost dead for want of some kind of excitement—more to be grateful for than the fullness of every day life. But to have a treat like this, after such a dearth, is indeed charming. I can hardly wait until next week."

Although Mrs Malcome had been dying, as she said, for some kind of excitement, such was not the case with her husband, who had just as much care and mental labor in conducting a large business as he wished, and sometimes a little more. While she was too often a burden to herself from want of something to do, his mind was intensely interested in matters of trade. She was late, spent an hour or two in visiting, killed two or three more over a new novel, and, if she did not go to some fashionable party, the opera or the concert at night, retired early to bed, too much fatigued by the toil of the day to keep up later than nine o'clock. She was fond of music, and, at one time, performed with a skill rarely attained in private circles; but the drudgery of daily practice was too much for her, and she lost her power over the instrument that once responded with something like a living intelligence to her touch. Nothing interested her, in which there was not something more exciting than was to be found at home. In domestic duties and the care of her children she took little or no interest. Her husband went to market, the waiter brought home what he purchased, and the cook prepared it for the table. She rarely knew what food was provided for her, not down to eat it. The children were washed and dressed in the morning by a nurse, who took the entire care of them; every thing was done for them to the interest beyond a natural affection. If they were sick all her anxieties were aroused, and she scarcely eat or slept while the illness lasted. A danger was her mind—but the moment they were well again, all subsided for them appeared to subside entirely.

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a clock. If so fortunate as to be successful, I cannot expect more than eight hundred or a thousand dollars a year, and, out of this pittance, two hundred dollars for rent will be the amount we ought to pay

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum *in advance*—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Scott' Pictorial Magazine, or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Scott' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for the year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Pictorial," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Scott' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for the year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and forwarding subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post surpass itself, if possible, the coming season, and would invite our correspondents to redouble their efforts. Let every one contribute to widen up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact so low as to be almost refused, if the original paper of the size and quality of the Post—of course if we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, logged without leave or any other method or variety, and call it "a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, depending for their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year than the present.

THE WIFE'S ORDEAL.

We think the tale with the above title, by T. S. Arthur, which we publish this week, will create considerable discussion among our readers. For our part, we have not yet quite settled the question in our own satisfaction, whether Mr. Meissner was justifiable or not in what he did. But we will not discuss the questions at present, as we do not wish to anticipate the story. Read it by all means.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Many of our readers may recall at first from the formidable length of this document, we furnish the following general summary of its contents.

The President opens with the usual congratulations upon the development of our national prosperity—and states that our relations with all other nations, with a single exception, are of the most amicable character. Then, after alleging that the American people have always manifested the most scrupulous adherence to the dictates of justice, in all their foreign intercourse," he enters into a full though condensed review of the letters which have contained from Mexico, the causes which have led to the present war, and the progress at our arms since its commencement. Much the largest portion of the message is devoted to this subject.

The President declares that "the war will continue to be prosecuted with vigor, as the best means of bringing it to a close;" and "hopes that the decisions of the Mexican Congress, to which our last overture has been referred, may result in a speedy and honorable peace.

As to the territory which we have taken possession of, he says:—"The war has not been waged with a view to conquest;" but it is intimated that all such territory will be held, until a definitive treaty of peace shall have been concluded and ratified, securing ample indemnity for the expenses of the war, as well as to "our much injured citizens, who hold large pecuniary demands against Mexico."

The provisions given to Santa Anna to pass through our lines and blockading squadron, is justified on motives of policy, entirely distinct from any bargain or compact with that General. From Paredes, he says, we could hope nothing—he was the sworn enemy of the United States." "Had Paredes remained in power, it is morally certain any pacific adjustment would have been hopeless."

The Two Millions, about which so much has been said, is again asked for. "Should the appropriation be made and not needed, it will remain in the treasury: should it be deemed proper to apply it in whole or in part, it will be accounted for as an other public expenditures."

He recommends that Congress should provide by law, for the punishment as pirates, of all Spanish subjects, who shall be found guilty of privateering under Mexican colors, and that our government shall also be authorized to issue letters of marque and reprisal.

The balance in the Treasury on the first day of July last, was nine millions of dollars. The amount of the public debt, including Treasury notes, on the first of the present month, was twenty-four millions. If the war shall continue until the end of the next fiscal year, which is the thirtieth of June 1848, it is estimated that an additional loan of twenty three millions will be required. Should Congress impose a revenue duty on tea and coffee, articles now embraced in the free list, and reduce the price of the public lands that have been long in the market, the loan required to cover off expenses to the time stated, would probably not exceed eighteen or nineteen millions of dollars.

The President declares that the policy established by the Tariff of 1846 be maintained. "Should defects in any of its details be ascertained by actual experience to exist, these may be hereafter corrected, but until such defects shall become manifest, the act should be fairly tested."

An adherence to the pacific and policy of the Sub-Treasury is recommended: changes however, are suggested "in the detail of the measure."

There are several other matters we would like to notice in the Message, but our space will not permit it. We shall, however, see the principle subjects treated of.

LACONICS.

The wine man would rather be a knave than a fool—drinking those melting—for while there is life there is hope.

Every man has his circle of possibilities both intellectually and morally, beyond which he may not easily go, any more than an animal which is tethered—and let his tether be ever so lengthy—if the rope; unlike the animal's, it will lengthen for ever.

"The question is not how much shall is there in a man, but is there any wheat." True but evil is not mean chaff. When food and poison are mixed together, will you ask no questions about the latter?

He is a brave man who trembles not when he walks at midnight through the dark, silent chambers of his own soul.

Of all the trades a man's passions play him, the most the cunningest, when he is persuaded that he is governing, even at the same time that he is gratifying them.

Those twice letters you speak once"—or, it may, least, think once before you speak twice.

Above all other lust seem avoid a lust—for no attempt ensues was the Devil named the "Father of Lies."

YANKEES, AWAKE!

One of our contemporaries says truly, that some better system of ventilating and warming railroads is sadly wanted. Between the gas of a stove and the exhalations of a hundred pair of human lungs, the sensation is most suffocating. We trust that some ingenious Yankee will turn his attention to that subject, and confer a boon upon humanity which the latter especially will thank him for, from the very depths of their hearts.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

We find the two following anecdotes going the rounds of the papers. The first, if true, does not at first represent him in a favorable light; the other in a good trait. Indeed, as we have before said, the character of the individual is of little consequence to the world, except as it influences the destinies of his people's character not long since, but yet is now, has been the ruling motive whatever power we happen to have of him:

"The Russian Emperor decided a remarkable case between a Russian and a Jew. The Jew, Abraham General obtained the consent of a beautiful daughter of a Polish nobleman, to unite her destiny with him; and unknown to the lady, the nobleman promised the Jew all the money he could have gotten for his daughter. The Jew, however, was not sufficient room to his fingers, and accordingly recommended the agent to be enlarged, even enforcing his opinions against resistance of the latter. The nobleman then visited in the worst cachot in the Russian navy, and in very uniform employed. When he takes it into his head to punish a nobleman, he sends him to Kola; but it does almost every time he goes to see, the captain of the vessel takes care to put the cachot in the best order, by counter-signals, to prevent the strict execution of the punishment. The Jew, however, was certainly lead to the loss of the ship and its augment cargo.

THE SATURDAY COURIER.

A POOR TRICK.

Some time in May last, before the Courier had changed hands in the defence of the "Old Line" and similar productions, we penned a few lines in commendation of its editor in return for an eulogium before that he had been pleased to write of the Post. Since, however, the great tocsin of the interests of the Courier in the defence of Internal works, we have felt bound to express upon sundry occasions a very different opinion both of it and its editor. What was our opinion, therefore, in this week, is nor our complimentary notice of May last copied into the Courier without any reference to its fact, and without any intimation of having changed the public into the belief that it was of recent origin. Upon such despicable trickery it is idle to waste words. It needs but the bare statement to assure it the contempt of every honorable mind.

STANDING POOLS.

Most persons do not sufficiently realize the extent of the unhealthy influence emanating from pools of standing pools in the vicinity of dwellings. An instance of the unhealthy effects of such breeders of disease has lately been noticed at the Pensacola Navy Yard. A very fatal disease has prevailed there for some time past, occasioning a great deal of perceptible cancer,—upon examination, it has been usually conclusively traced to some small ponds in the vicinity, which lie exposed between to the sun and air. Such ponds should always be drained off as soon as possible—and, apart from the saving of much human suffering, it is generally cheaper to do so at once, than to run up a long—a doctor's—bill, and perhaps have the whole of the neighborhood by getting it a reputation for diphtheria.

NEW ENGLAND.

Dr. Holmes in a poem recently published, has the following appropriate to New England:

New England! Sweet name may thy children claim
Their ancient birthright by its banished name!
Child of an old race, but ever fresh and new:
No rank statistic stains thine atmosphere,
Nor foppish annals fright thy scrupulous ear;
Scarred by the progidalness of condemning toil
Long may the dauntless by thy sages tangle,
Spread from the cypress where their vines have wrought
Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed land,
Be like the rock-ribbed land,
And as the ice that leaves thy crystal moors,
Be like the ice that leaves thy crystal moors,
Be like the dauntless of thy sober school
Keep the last liberties of thy neighborhood.

MISS AIKIN'S ADDISON.

We have not read any of the above label, we took exception to certain remarks upon the same in the way by the publishers. Mount Grace in accordance with a criticism upon the work by Mr Macaulay. Wehave since underlined from the publishers that the work is not a republication, but only in trivial cases, as, for instance, where names or other words were misspelt; and that in the more important matters the original words are adhered to, for which Mr Macauley is credited. This places the silent altogether in a very different light—and we have pleasure in giving to those of our readers who wish to increase their personal knowledge of one of the most elegant essayists in the language.

THE LAW OF BRAND.

The following is the law as governing a case al luded to last week, as being decided before the Supreme Court of this county:

"Jacob Lawrence brought suit against Miller, Brown & Hankins, for damages occasioned by a refusal to brand certain "Pork (marked Lawrence) had bought a quantity of mess pork of the defendants, (Miller, Brown & Co.,) without any other examination than that of their brand. That certain pork was found to be bad. Pork packed not in either net mess pork, or of inferior quality—this was the question. The question whether the defendants could be held liable for the loss incurred by a reliance upon their brand? The Court held they could, and the jury accordingly rendered a verdict accordingly."

CROWDED OUT.

A host of good things are crowded out this week by the Message—many notices of books among the rest. The message is a document to be read—but when it does come the have to make a "loss" with it. Our lady readers, especially, doubtless think their rights if comes no silence. We can see no imagination, the eagerness of many a pretty face, as the Post is spread hastily with the expectation of finding something connected with the usual host of good things and the sudden end of the lap, as the fair reader discovers disappointment. Well, we will try something in it but that odious President's Message!

EDGAR A POE.

We are stated that Mr. Poe is now dangerously ill with the last fever, and that his wife is in the last stages of consumption. They are said to be "without money and without friends, actually suffering from fitness and destitution in New York."

Mr. Poe is not one of our favorites, but we shall feel unfeeling indeed, if we do not say that if the above statement proves to be true. A man of his talents is not to be neglected when they colors are, must not be left to perish without a hand being extended to relieve him.

"ORDER REIGNS IN WARSAW."

The Warsaw logical says—

"The Mormons have left, and peace quiet and prosperity, are again looked on as Hancock's country."

We think we have seen such statements made some time ago—but times change, and so do men. We admire the caution of the logical's statement—"peace, quiet, &c., are looked on." It reminds us of the Athenians with their "God for rain about this time."

A TALL CHILD.

A leaf measuring only six feet two inches, made application for a discharge from the Army in New York recently, on the ground of its being a minor, and having enlisted without the consent of his parents. As it was proved that he was only eighteen years of age, the Judge refused his discharge. It is thought that his careful parents did not like to trust him so far from home until he had attained his full growth.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Our city has been quite alive the past week with the various demonstrations of swords, military hats, &c., consequent upon the preparations for departure of the volunteers recently called out. We note that the Col. Geo. Croghan offered the volunteers their passage free to Pittsburg. Four companies reached Harrisburg on Monday evening last.

MR. GLIDDON'S LECTURES.

We would call the attention of our city readers to the Lectures upon Ancient Egypt, which are now in process of delivery by Mr Gliddon. We understand that the next two will take place upon Monday and Tuesday of the coming week. These are extremely interesting and most interesting and curious we ever listened.

REFINEMENT.

"I do not wish to say anything against the intelligence in question," said a very polite and accomplished gentleman upon a certain occasion, "but I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him "truth is stronger, stronger than fiction."

FROM SANTA FE.

A correspondent of the Lewis Republican gives a very unfavorable account of the state of affairs at Santa Fe. His statements probably should be taken with a considerable grain of allowance:

"Not a day passes, but some outrage—some crime is committed, by the American soldiery, within view, nearly, of the capital. Not a day, this day, you hear of a Mexican's house being broken into, his property pillaged, and his wife violated, the injured party will not fail to seek redress from the Alcalde, who is a native Mexican, and will as surely fail to obtain it, but the next day, or the day after, the offender will be found drunk in South with rocks, no one knows by whom. The Alcalde will be sure to know all about it days hence, but if you were here personally and saw these things are carried on, you would be surprised to hear of murder and bloodshed being committed. Every officer has orders to allow the troops to do all the country, when finally her case came before the Emperor, who decided that the marriage was illegal, but in consequence of the deception of the General, ordered his fortune to be restored to him. The

Selected Poetry.

HER HEART'S NOT THERE.

They've dress'd her for the bridal,
And wreathed her snowy brow,
They little heed she grieves!
That cheek has never known
Another's kiss save hers,
And glad sounds fill the air!
The nuptial bell is lighter
Than the heart that's there!

Ha, ha, ha! there's not there!

He leads her at the altar,
And breathes his love for her
The smile—the word—is spoken,
And answered by a tear
She thinks 'tis one departed,
And breathes a silent prayer;
And the "the pledge she utters—
Still, still, her heart's not there.

She's left the home of childhood
And mingles with the gay;
For scenes of joy and pleasure
Drive out her grief away;
Death lays his icy fingers
Upon her lover of mate,
The grave encloses a corpse—
A broken heart lies there.

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

—by a stroke as sudden as that natural affliction which had darkened the beginning of his life. At the same blow, his sister, too, who cried herself to sleep so mournfully, had lost as good and true a friend. But that is quite beside the question. Let us waste no words about it.

CHAPTER VII.

A BIRD'S EYE GLIMPSE OF MISS TOX'S DWELLING-PLACE, AND OF THE STATE TO WHICH MISS TOX'S ART, PACIFICUS.

Miss Tox inhabited a dark little house that had been squeezed at some remote period of English History, into a fashionable neighborhood at the west end of the town, where it stood in the shade like a poor relation of the great street around the corner, coldly looked down upon by mighty mansions. It was not exactly in a court, and it was not exactly in a yard: but it was in the fullest of No-Thoroughfares, bounded sideways and inward by distant double knocks. The name of this retirement, where grass grew between the chinks in the stone pavement, was Princess's place; and in Princess's Place was Princess's Chapel, with a tinkling bell, where sometimes as many as five-and twenty people attended services on a Sunday. The Princess's Arms was also there, and much resorted to by spiritual footmen. A urban chair was kept inside the railing before the Princess's Arms, but it had never come out within the memory of man; and on fine mornings, the nap of every tall Chelsea waxer sight and fatty, as Miss Tox had often counted) was decorated with a portrait pot.

There was another private house besides Miss Tox's in Princess's Place: not to mention an immense pair of gates, with an immense pair of iron-headed knockers on them, which were never opened by any chance, and were supposed to constitute a disused entrance to somebody's stables. Indeed, there was a smack of stabling in the air of Princess's Place; and Miss Tox's bedroom (which was at the back) commanded a view of Mews, where hackers, at whatever sort of work engaged, were continually accompanying themselves with other two-and noises; and where the most domestic and confidential garments of coachmen and their wives and families, usually hung, like Macbeth's banners, on the outward walls.

At the other private house in Princess's Place, tenanted by a retired boiler who had married a blow-maker, apartments were let furnished, to a single gentleman, to wit, a wooden-hatted, blue-faced Major, with eye starting out of his head, in whom Miss Tox recognized, as she herself expressed, "something so truly military," and between whom and herself an occasional interchange of compliments and Parliament. And Princess's dahlias, was effected through the medium of a civil service of the Major's, whom Miss Tox was quite eminent to classify as a "native," without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever.

Perhaps there never was a smaller entry and staircase than the entry and staircase of Miss Tox's house. Perhaps, taken altogether, from top to bottom, it was the most inconvenient little house in England, and the remotest; but then, Miss Tox said, what a situation! There was very little daylight to be got there in the winter; no sun at the best of times; air was not of the quarest, and could have to was walled out. Still Miss Tox said, think of the situation! So said the blue-faced Major, whose eyes were starting out of his head; who glared in Princess's Place; and who delighted to turn the conversation at his club, whenever he could, to something connected with some of the great people in the great street round the corner, that he might have the satisfaction of saying they were his neighbors.

The dingy tenement inhabited by Miss Tox was her own; having become devised and bequeathed to her by the deceased owner of the forky eye in the basket, of whom a miniature portrait, with a powdered head and a pigtail, balanced Miss Tox's tender-shot on opposite sides of the parlor fire-place. The crowded part of the furniture was of the powdered-head and pigtail period, comprising a pale-warbled sewing-table and spreading its four attenuated bear legs in somebody's way, and an obsolete harpsichord, illuminated round the maker's name with a painted garland of sweet peas.

Although Major Bagstock had entered at what is called in polite literature, the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey downhill with hardly any thews and a very rigid pair of jawbones, and long-flagged elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion in a state of continual exasperation already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with it. In fact, that she was a splendid woman who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club; in connexion with little inquiries of which sort he, Joseph Bagstock, Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Tooth Bagstock, as he both, was the perpetual theme; it being, as he were, the Major's stronghold and deepest keep of sight intense, to be on the most familiar terms with his own name.

Joey B., sir," the Major would say, with a flourish of his walking-stick, "is worth a dozen of you. If you had ever more of the Old Nick's bullet's head among you, sir, you'd be none the worse for it. Old Joe, sir, needs 1 look far for a wife even now, if he was on the look-out: he's a handsome fellow, sir, Joe—he's tough, sir, tough, and double-ply! After such a declaration, witnessing somebody would be tempted, and the Major's blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes streamed and started completely.

Notwithstanding his very liberal imitation of himself, however, the Major was selfish. It may be remarked that those men are always selfish on selfish person at least; or at stomach to perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decided, if unlicensed with that latter organ than with the former. He had an idea of being overlooked or slighted by anybody; least of all, had he the remotest consciousness of being overlooked or slighted by Miss Tox.

And yet, Miss Tox, as it appeared, forgot him most gratuitously and forgot him. She began to forget him soon after her discovery of the Double family. She continued to forget him up to the time of the christening. She went on forgetting him with compound interest after that. Something or somebody had superseded him as a source of interest.

"Good morning, ma'am," said the Major, meeting Miss Tox in Princess's Place, some weeks after the christening mentioned in the last chapter.

"Good morning, sir," said Miss Tox, very coldly.

"Joe Bagstock, ma'am," observed the Major, with the air visual gratification that he had the happiness of hearing to put at your window for a considerable period. You has hardly used, ma'am. He has not been behind a cloud."

Miss Tox strained her head, but very coldly in deed.

"Into luminary has been out at home ma'am, perhaps?" inquired the Major.

"I—out of town?" oh, no, if have not been out of town," said Miss Tox. "I have been much engaged lately. My time is nearly all devoted to some very intimate friends. I am afraid I have none to spare, even now. Good morning, sir!"

As Miss Tox, with her most fascinating step and carriage, disappeared from Princess's Place, the Major stood looking after her with a face less than ever, muttering and growling some not at all complimentary remarks.

"Why, damme, sir!" said the Major, talking his favorite round and round Princess's Place, and apostrophizing its fragrant air, "I'm woman loved the grand Josh. Bagstock walked on. What's the meaning of it?"

The Major decided, after some consideration, that it meant some-tragedy, about which he was profoundly curious; that Miss Tox was digging pebbles. "But you won't catch Joe, ma'am," said the Major, "Hey? Heigh, ma'am, heigh, is J. B. 'Not to be-fetch sly?" over which reflection he chuckled for the rest of the day.

The still, when that day and many other days were gone and past, it seemed that Miss Tox took no heed whatever of the Major, and thought nothing of all about him. She had been, once upon a time, to look out at one of her little dark windows by accident, and blankingly across the Major's greeting, but saw, she never gave the Majora chance said cared nothing at all whether he looked over the way or not. Other changes had come to pass also.

The Major standing in the shade of his own apartment, could make out that an air of greater neatness and festivity than usual reigned in Princess's that a new cage with gilded wires had been provided for the ancient little canary bird; that divers ornaments, that once had occupied the chimney-piece, seemed to decorate the shimney-piece and tables, that a plant or tree had suddenly sprung up in the window-seat; that Miss Tox occasionally practised on the harpsichord, whose garland of sweet peas was always displayed accordingly, cre-ated with the Chevalchage and Bird Waltzes in a Music Book of Miss Tox's own copying.

Over and above all this, Miss Tox had long been dressed with uncommon care and elegance in slight mourning. But this helped the Major out of his difficulty; and he determined within himself that she had come into a small legacy, and grown proud.

It was on the very next day after he had arrived at this conclusion, that the Major, sitting at his breakfast, saw an apparition so tremendous and wonderful in Miss Tox's little drawing-glass, that he paused for some time rooted to his chair; then, resting into the next room, returned with a double-barrelled opera glass, through which he surveyed it intently for some minutes.

"It's a baby, sir!" said the Major, shutting up the glass again, "for fifty thousand pounds!"

The Major couldn't forget it. He could do nothing but whistle, and stare to that extent, that his eyes, compared with what they were before, looked like the former times quite calverous and sunken. Day after day, two, three, four times a week, this baby reappeared. The Major watched it from its store and whistle. To all other intents and purposes he was Princess's Place. Miss Tox had ceased to exist in mind what he did. He might have been black as well as blue, and it would have been no consequence to her.

The perseverance with which she walked out of Princess's Place to fetch this baby and its nurse and baby walked back in her train, and walked them with them again, and continually mounted guard over them; and the perseverance with which she nursed them, and dandled them, and fed it, and got it off from its young blood with sore upon the harpsichord, was extraordinary. At about this same period too, she began to be seen with a passion for looking at a certain bracelet; also with a passion for looking at the owner, of whom she would take long observations from her chamber window. But whatever she took leed of; sun, moon, stars, or bracelets, she looked no more at the Major. And the Major whistled, and stared, and wondered, and fidgeted about her room, and could make nothing of it.

Tardy justice was done by her mother Paul's heart, and that's the truth, my dear," said Mrs. Chick, one day.

Miss Tox turned pale.

"He grows more like Paul every day," said Mrs. Chick.

Miss Tox returned no other reply than by taking the little Paul in her arms, and making his cockade perfectly fat and limp with her caresses.

"He mother, my dear," said Miss Tox, "whose acquaintance I was to have made through you, does he not at all resemble her?"

"Not at all," returned Louisa.

"Not—no—she was pretty, I believe?" faltered Miss Tox.

"Why, poor dear Fanny was interesting," said Mrs. Chick, who was a patroness of judicial remarks, and tantly interesting. She had not that air of commanding superiority which one would sometimes expect to see, which at a glance would tell to each brother's wife, nor had she that strength and vigor at mind which such a man requires."

Miss Tox forced a deep sigh.

"But she was pleasing," said Mrs Chick, "extremely so. And she would—oh, dear, how well poor Chick prepared, nothing talked of required, than merely to enclose them in the bags, or cases, "Yes pretty hair. feels made in this way, are said to be equal to the best stone or hair mattresses, and are so durable that with proper care, they will last for a life time. Specimens of these beds, a distinguished physician remarks —

"These beds could be easily made in this country, and would be found to be more pleasant, cooler, and more healthy than beds made of moss, hair or feathers. We have seen hash beds in this country, but they were so uncomfortable that we should suppose the makers had stuffed into them not only the hardest outside husks, but coke and stalks like wise, of course, they were unfit for use; but if they had been prepared according to the above directions, they would have been found pleasant and comfortable. In under beds husks, finely stripped are used as a substitute for straw.

HARP OF THE NORTH.

The harp was the favorite musical instrument among the Scions and other northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their laws, and from every passage in their history in which there is the least allusion to music. By the laws of Wales, a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, that is, a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title, unless he had one of those favorite instruments, and could play upon it.

In the same laws to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was strictly forbidden to teach, or to permit them to play upon the harp; and some had the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen, were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt; because it was not lawful to sell a dog of one's kid or a harp of one's lord. Of course, the gentleman's harp was held in high esteem, when the gave the gleam?

"Smart horse as I say chorses," said the gentleman in the stable.

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Safe Assertation.—An Irish laborer plunged into the river and hauled out a gentleman who was scrabbling clamoring, the gentleman scrambled for "Where's that?" asked an urchin there present.

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"That's a bird's-nest pudding, my dear," was the mother's answer.

"What kind made it?" asked the boy.

"It was the cock who (cuckoo) made it."—*Boston Gleaner.*

FIRING BOX OFF AGAIN.—The steamer Native, Captain Carroll, on her last trip from Montgomery to this city, when near Catawba, burst her steampipe, the explosion making a report like that of a pounder, causing great alarm among the passengers, without injuring anybody, or the boat.

A passenger on board, a Frenchman, being very much alarmed, ran to the Captain, and in a great state of excitement, exclaimed—

"Captain, what are you going to do now? I want to get out."

"What am I going to do?" coolly replied the Captain; "why I am going to land up and fire her off again."

It is curious to remark that the poor French-house stayed at the first landing.—*Mobile Tribune.*

Liberal Offer.—I will save you a thousand pounds," said an Irishman to an old gentleman, "if you don't stand in your own light."

"How?"

"You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand pounds as a marriage portion?"

"I do."

"But I will take her with nine thousand."

Fortitude or Longevity.—An officer whose reputation for courage was rather questionable, applied to his commander on the eve of an expected battle, for leave of absence, saying that his father was on the point of death.

"Go," said the General, "honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long on earth."

"How?"

"Yes, sir, if you stay with your father you will not be killed, but if you go to the enemy you will be sure to be killed."

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Our Picture Gallery.

[Remains of the Parthenon.]

THE PARTHENON.

The Parthenon as our readers are probably aware was a celebrated temple in Athens, sacred to Minerva. It was destroyed by the Persians, when they invaded Greece, and afterwards rebuilt by Pericles, in a more magnificent manner. All the circumstances which refused to the birth of Minerva were beautifully and minutely represented in Bas Relief, on the front of the entrance. The statue of the Goddess, twenty-six cubits high, and made of gold and ivory, was considered one of the master pieces of Phidias.

Touching Poem.

ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

'Tis not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
'Tis not for mother's breath
That I sink these now.
I can die with a lip unstirred
And a quiet heart,
Let but this prayer be heard,
Love I implore.

I can give up my mother's look,
My sister's kiss,
I can think upon her grief
A death like this—
I can give up the young heart
I learned to win,
All but the spotless name
I glory in.

Where is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy to the hour I live,
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my parting breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death.

Choice Selections.

CHEAP BEDS.

In Spain and Portugal a very cheap bed is made of the husks of corn. This bed, besides having a decided superiority in cheapness and durability, is also highly conducive to health. Its form of making it is as follows.

When the corn is husked, the peasants commence selecting the materials which are chosen from the brightest and cleanest of the husk. The next operation, which is a matter of some delicacy, and only the inner ones, which are soft and pliable, retained. These are then drawn through an instrument, usually used for the purpose, the operation of which is very similar to a flax comb, and by which they are separated into narrow strips. These, when prepared, nothing further is required, than merely to enclose them in the bags, or cases, "Yes pretty hair. feels made in this way, are said to be equal to the best stone or hair mattresses, and are so durable that with proper care, they will last for a life time. Specimens of these beds, a distinguished physician remarks —

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"Well," said the dripping rater, seeing Pat's dauntless spirit, "are you satisfied?" Do you think you ought to have more?"

"Och," answered the poor fellow, looking back at the one he had rescued, "I think I am overpaid."

Thanksgiving Fun.—At a happy dinner party on Thursday, among other good things with which the table was loaded, was a bird's-nest pudding.

"What's that?" asked an urchin there present.

"That's a bird's-nest pudding, my dear," was the mother's answer.

"What kind made it?" asked the boy.

"It was the cock who (cuckoo) made it."—*Boston Gleaner.*

A WITTY PARSON.

A Scotch clergyman by the name of Watty Morrison, was a man of great laughter and humor. On one occasion a young officer called at the inn that it required so much time and effort to write a sermon, as ministers pretended, and offered a bet that he would preach half an hour on any passage in the Old Testament, without any preparation Mr. Morrison took the bet and gave him for a text, "And the Lord opened his mouth and he spake." The parson won the wager, the officer being rather disinclined to employ his utterances upon that text

On another occasion, Morrison entreated an officer to pardon a poor soldier for some offence he had committed. The officer agreed to do so, if he would in return, grant him the first favor he should ask Mr Morrison agreed to this. In a day or two, the officer demanded that the ceremony of baptism should be performed on a young puppy. The clergyman agreed to it, and a party of weary gentlemen assembled to witness the novel baptism.

Mr Morrison desired the officer to hold up the dog as was customary in the baptism of children and said, "As I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, I must proceed according to the ceremonies of the Church."

"Certainly, said the major, "I expect all the ceremony."

"Well then, major, I begin with the usual question. *You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?*

A roar of laughter burst from the crowd, the officer threw the canvidate for baptism away. Thus the witty minister turned the laugh against the officer, who intended to deride the sacred ordinance.

COMMERCE—GRAB GAME.

The merchants in Exeter Change used to be confined in a line of narrow cages, each of which had a pan in the centre for its tenant's food. Chancing to be present one evening at supper time, we observed that when all the monkeys were supplied with messes, scarcely any one of them ate his own pan. Each thrust his arm through the bars and robbed his right or left hand neighbor. Half of what was so seized was spilt and lost in the contrivance, and while one monkey was so occupied the next plundered its plundering. In this way pan was exposed to similar depredations. The mingled misery and fun of the scene was absolutely rare. Had a monkey reviewer, however, admonished the tribe of the aggregate loss to the animal stomach, and the folly of their system, he would have been met, nearly, each for himself, what monkey would have had sufficient reliance on his neighbor's honesty to suppose that he would not grab his mess, while the cages more apart secured the more rational reliance of reform.

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

It is now considered vulgar to say 'his feel the basket.' In future, only a man who has been hung. The approved expression is "The criminal *turned pale and expired.*"

"I can't hear you," as the tea said to the lead pencil.

After one, in summers, as the roast beef said to the pudding.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? His feet.

When a cat drinks rum, you may look out for a rum pus.

A Sleepy Horse.—The Maine Farmer tells a number of tough stories about a man whom it calls Neverbeat. Here is one of the best of them:

Neverbeat's horse was stricken in the pasture in November, about the speed of his lame, which, he said, would last a mile inside of three minutes, and died of the disease consequent thereon.

A mile inside of three minutes isn't much to brag about,' said Neverbeat. 'Why, the other day I was in a hurry to—to—to—Bangor, and I'll be darned if I started for home, a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck in the back part of the wagon, and I hadn't whipped it started, I had only time to get to the shop, and save the leather seats. The rain struck in the back part of the wagon, and I hadn't whipped it started, I had only time to get to the shop, and save the leather seats. The wagon was 250 feet long, and the rain fell at the rate of a dog of rain 'em all, no, not one.' Old Nick can't beat my horse's horse flesh in the race. When she goes, she goes!'

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THE PROPER TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.

Now-bodies of the community think winter the time for this purpose, but for the reason assigned that the sap is then on the roots,' shows its fallacy, as it is evident to the most superficial observer that there is nearly the same quantity of sap in all trees at all seasons. It is true active in winter, and like all other moisture in song-all during the cold-weather, yet when it is dried by evaporation, circulation is not entirely stopped in the living tree. Science or philosophy would seem to indicate that the best time to cut timber is in the last quarter of June to the first of November, in the season of the ripening timber in its perfection. Certain it is that we have numerous examples of timber, within this period, which has exhibited a durability not exceeded by any timber in the world, whether when placed under precisely the same circumstances. After it is felled, it should at once be sealed, drawn from the woods, and elevated from the ground to facilitate its drying; and if it is intended to be used under cover the sooner it is put there the better. Wood designed for fuel, may be left much better when cut as above mentioned and immediately split. Timber that is to be used in ship-building, for the lodge of the farm being burnt previous to the harvesting of the crops, it may be more economical to cut it standing there in most instances.—*Boston's American Agriculturist.*

POWDERED LIME.

It is certainly asserted that this mineral, in a calcined or pulverized state, is an infallible remedy against the slug, or small snail which so frequently destroys clover, and which, when growing is said to be sufficient. It is a fact generally well known to agriculturists of intelligence, that a very slight dressing of lime, or ashes, will destroy the slug in a field, or a grass that makes the best of hay with very little trouble and expense. It is said, also, that the alcalescent properties are effectual in destroying the fungus which many philosophers have regarded as the proximate cause of the "potato plague."—*Maine Cultivator.*

SHEEP.

One of the most troublesome, and certainly most unfortunate diseases with which sheep are afflicted, is the "fly blow," or that the larva or eggs of several sorts are speedily and certainly effected then the following:—Make a small mop by wrapping a rag around the end of a stick; dip this in tar, taking up as much as will adhere to it; roll it in salt, and then thrusting it into the sheep's mouth, hold it there till the tar is washed off the mop and the salt is tar and salt, and your sheep will soon get good health and clean coats.—*Exchange paper.*

BROOM CORN.

In many sections the rapid deterioration of this production has become of late a subject of general universal complaint. This is doubtless one of the consequences comparable from the careless manner in which it is cultivated. If planted near or by the side of Indian corn, it will inevitably 'mix,' and to the great injury of the characteristic features and qualities of the former. To prevent this intermixture the seed should be selected from well developed heads that have been grown remote from all other varieties.—*Ag. Par.*

USEFUL RECEIPT.

Hogs are frequently taken sick, and sometimes lie without exhibiting any symptoms by which the uninitiated in such matters, can either infer the nature of the disease, or apply a proper remedy. In such cases it is frequently of benefit to the owner to throw into his trough an ear of corn, ripped in the end to the size of a dollar piece, and an inch apart: then lay the papers on baking tins and put them in a quick oven; then shell it for a few seconds; when the cakes are a delicate brown and raised up, they are done; then take them from the oven, and lay the papers containing them on a cold stone or a table, to become cold; when they are so, they are ready for use, and may be kept a month or two. Those who have a family, will find it economical to keep them in a dry cool place until wanted for use.

There, like kisses, cemented drops, and moistened, should be made the day before they are wanted.

A Love Song.

WHAT BETTER COULD A YOUNG MAIDEN DO?

An, coward's with forsooth, upon the green,
Ente-med, I sat—a May-day queen,
Surrounded by young maidens fair,
Who waited gallantly on me.
A stranger party, my love to gain,
Boasted many a fond, impressive's areas.
Content I listen'd, fearing sought,
Some knave I love my heart was caught;
Yet so it was—I loved, and fondly too,
Prithee, what else could simple maidens do?

When next we met 'twas Christmas time;
The old bells peal'd a merry chime.
By stranger long, perchance, forgot
My Mayday love sought me not:
But I determined he should see
For pardon, and my favor, too;
So with a gay, coquettish grace,
With haughty mien and glamour face,
I sung, I danced, I smiled on all
Who rose my proud the door old hall.
On him a cold and careless glance I threw;
What other could a slighted maiden do?

It was a merry Christmas night
Once more I sought the village green.
A lover's kiss was on my brow;
My arm clasp'd his neighbor's vow.
"Forgive this truant, erring lover,
Say (said) he, and take me once to part."
My rebel lips—shall I confess?—
Would not say "Nay," but murmured "Yes."
Tell me, ye gentle dames and lasses true,
What better could a loving maiden do?

The Olio.

MORALITIES.

How absurd is avarice in an old man. It is like a man scraping money anxiously together to pay his turnpikes, after he has got to the end of the road.

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "I am glad to see you," than in any other single sentence in the English language.

When the young laugh at the old, they only laugh at themselves beforehand.

The last of the tavern bills is the bar of the bench, and the prison bar speedily follows.

TO THE PUBLIC.

CAROLINE NEWBERRY,
aug3d No. 118 Chartres street.

CHEERING NEWS FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—Miss Julia A. Woodford, aged, in a letter to Dr. Jayne, dated Mount Holly, New Jersey, Dec. 1, 1849, says: "I am using your ALTERATIVE with good effect for my cough, which has been very severe, and troubled me for the last two years." And after describing her sufferings, she says: "I had not been using it more than a week before I found relief, and have continued to use it for three months, and my cough is entirely gone. About five years since my mother had not every reason to think she was in CONSUMPTION. The best physician in the place was attending her, and pronounced her case hopeless. Of course, I do not know just how long, but for a great many years she has been free from any symptoms of her former illness. They are all of opinion that the ALTERATIVE has done her more good than all the physicians and medicines she ever took. I have also used your PANACEA, and believe it to be a good medicine for Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the stomach." Dr. Jayne's Panacea, Alterative, Expectorant, and Carminative Balsams, are prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia, and for sale by all Druggists throughout the United States, and in Cuba and Mexico. Agents in New Orleans, Kenny & Co., 56 Camp street; and by NAMATTY FOLLIS on the levee. 1 dozen Panacea, 1 dozen Alterative, and 1 dozen Balsams, for $9. Alterative four months, and one most happy to say that it has cured me entirely.

TO MOTHERS.

The True Mrs. Winslow.—Mend—mend—mend!—every week comes this old clothes-basket full of ragged frocks and shirts and stockings. It is enough to exhaust one's patience to have forever to be mending!" Thus pettishly ejaculated the young wife and mother as she set down late one Saturday evening to do her week's mending. She had probably been brought up in idleness, with an indulgent mother to set every needle-full—it was a CONSUMPTION. The best physician in the place was attending her, and pronounced her case hopeless. Of course, I do not know just how long, but for a great many years she has been free from any symptoms of her former illness. They are all of opinion that the ALTERATIVE has done her more good than all the physicians and medicines she ever took. I have also used your PANACEA, and believe it to be a good medicine for Dyspepsia, and all diseases of the stomach." Dr. Jayne's Panacea, Alterative, Expectorant, and Carminative Balsams, are prepared by Dr. Jayne, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia, and for sale by all Druggists throughout the United States, and in Cuba and Mexico. Agents in New Orleans, Kenny & Co., 56 Camp street; and by NAMATTY FOLLIS on the levee. 1 dozen Panacea, 1 dozen Alterative, and 1 dozen Balsams, for $9. Alterative four months, and one most happy to say that it has cured me entirely.

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Agricultural.

FEEDING HOGS ON APPLES.

FROM THE OHIO CULTIVATOR.

Among the multitude of farmers who do not read agricultural papers, and have not learned the value of apples as food for stock, it is a common observation that sweet apples may be good for fattening hogs, but not sour ones. This is a great mistake. If hogs have a large pen or an orchard, so as to add the variety they desire, they will only eat a small proportion of sweet apples. Give the fattening hogs apple and the fall pippin seem to clay their appetite, and they will eat but few before they will learn them for those of a more delicate and richer flavor. Their taste in this respect seems like that of the lovers of hard cider.

A hog weighing, when slaughtered, 300 pounds, when first put up to fatten, ate about one bushel and a half of sweet apples and about four gallons of milk and water, with three quarts of bran, daily, with plenty of salt, and it fattened rapidly. At the end of a month, one bushel of apples, with the same quantity of milk and bran, was sufficient. This mode of feeding seemed to fatten the animal as well as corn, and the pork was equally firm. Hogs fed on pippin-bred hogs is sweeter than corn fed, and is generally healthier; inasmuch as apple fed hogs do not become scrofulous or diseased, even when closely confined. If permitted to run at liberty in the orchard, which is the best way of feeding, they will eat of common sweet apples when ripening on the pippin. Apple-fed pork is as hard as corn-fed, and the lard is hard and beautifully white.

H. J. Caswell.

Campbell, Mahoning Co., Ohio. Nov. 1849.

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

It is now considered vulgar to say 'his feel the basket.' In future, only a man who has been hung. The approved expression is "The criminal *turned pale and expired.*"

"I can't hear you," as the tea said to the lead pencil.

After one, in summers, as the roast beef said to the pudding.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? His feet.

When a cat drinks rum, you may look out for a rum pus.

A Sleepy Horse.—The Maine Farmer tells a number of tough stories about a man whom it calls Neverbeat. Here is one of the best of them:

Neverbeat's horse was stricken in the pasture in November, about the speed of his lame, which, he said, would last a mile inside of three minutes, and died of the disease consequent thereon.

A mile inside of three minutes isn't much to brag about,' said Neverbeat. 'Why, the other day I was in a hurry to—to—to—Bangor, and I'll be darned if I started for home, a shower came sweeping on. The rain struck in the back part of the wagon, and I hadn't whipped it started, I had only time to get to the shop, and save the leather seats. The rain struck in the back part of the wagon, and I hadn't whipped it started, I had only time to get to the shop, and save the leather seats. The wagon was 250 feet long, and the rain fell at the rate of a dog of rain 'em all, no, not one.' Old Nick can't beat my horse's horse flesh in the race. When she goes, she goes!'

"Smart horse as I say chorses," said the gentleman in the stable.

A Bee That Wasn't Been—A correspondent tells us the following anecdote which he states as a positive fact:

Some years since, in the morning, after a very unpleasant night, a little negro boy was send on an errand to a neighbor's house. The man was to give any account of himself. He was taken on board the Receiving Ship, and as no claimant came forward, adopted by the crew, and called "Bob of Wallabough Bay," and petted much in the same fashion as a monkey or parrot. As he grew up he became a favorite with the crew, a smart seaman steersman, the questions as to his nativity and consanguinity were answered as follows:

"Where's your father, Bob?"

"Wallabough Bay, sir."

"Where were you born?"

"Wasn't born at all, sir."

"Wasn't born at all!"

"No, sir; was washed ashore in a storm, sir."

Safe Assertation.—An Irish laborer plunged into the river and hauled out a gentleman who was scrabbling clamoring, the gentleman scrambled for

"Well," said the dripping rater, seeing Pat's dauntless spirit, "are you satisfied?" Do you think you ought to have more?"

"Och," answered the poor fellow, looking back at the one he had rescued, "I think I am overpaid."

Thanksgiving Fun.—At a happy dinner party on Thursday, among other good things with which the table was loaded, was a bird's-nest pudding.

"What's that?" asked an urchin there present.

"That's a bird's-nest pudding, my dear," was the mother's answer.

"What kind made it?" asked the boy.

"It was the cock who (cuckoo) made it."—*Boston Gleaner.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1st, 11, 7, 8, 3, 10, 14, is a town in Maryland.
My 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, is a river in Switzerland.
My 3, 8, 5, 11, 13, 15, is a town in Ireland.
My 4, 12, 16, 17, 8, 9, is a river in Prussia.
My 5, 11, 3, 15, 14, is a town in Illinois.
My 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is a river of Asia.
My 7, 8, 9, 11, 5, 8, 13, is one of the Berish Isles.
My 8, 7, 14, 9, 8, is a river of Europe.
My 9, 16, 17, is a town in England.
My 10, 6, 9, 16, is a city in Russia.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, is a river of Asia.
My 12, 2, 6, 7, 9, 8, is a town in Georgia.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, is a river in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 5, 7, 8, 5, is a town in Scotland.
My 15, 14, 3, 4, 5, is a river of Asia.
My 16, 7, 9, 1, 10, 16, 14, is a county in North Carolina.
My 17, 2, 6, 15, is a town in England.

My whole is the name of a man who should ever be remembered. PUPIL.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 8, 12, 5, 20, 9, is a wild animal.
My 15, 14